THE PACIFIC

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PACIFIC

CONFIDENCE.

A sea bird slept on the restless wave,
  Head under wing;
The breezes lingered with loving touch
  To rock and sing.

Above, the clouds with angry scowl
  Hung grim and bold;
Beneath, in awful fathoms lay
  The depths untold.

With fowler near, with foes alert
  In heaving sea,
The feathered child of the wave slept on
  How peacefully!

And thus my sea-tossed soul may rest,
  Since God doth keep,
For his Spirit of love is brooding yet
  On the mighty deep.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD

In the prayer offered by President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary at the services in Berkeley last week in memory of Professor Castor there was a petition for him who had entered the portals of the other life. It was offered in no dogmatic manner—with no feeling of certainty that such a petition could avail anything. But the fact that it had place in the prayer was gratifying to many hearts. One of our poets has written:

"Pray for the dead! Who bids thee not?
Do all our human loves grow pale?
Or are the old needs all forgot,
When men have passed within the veil?"

* * * * * * *

"Pray for the dead, nor dare repress
Thy longings at the throne of grace;
Our dead ones are more dear, not less,
In the pure presence of God's face."

Dr. Levi Gilbert, a prominent Methodist minister and editor, wrote a few years ago: "Is it claimed that definite supplication for the dead is ruled out by the theology which teaches that it is utterly useless and unavailing since it could effect nothing—since the dead are in a fixed condition of joy and have all consummation of blessing? We may well pause to question it. Is it not reasonable to believe that in heaven itself there are gradations of happiness, possible growth into larger and fuller bliss, ever advancing progress toward the perfection which is in God? Is it rational to suppose that our dead are to maintain a flat stationary condition of dead-level in that Land of vast opportunity? Was not Tennyson right in describing the life of the future as

"Eternal process moving on?
From state to state the spirit walks."

If so, can we repress our profoundest wish that our departed ones may advance by sure steps through the circuits of their orbits unto a higher height, a deeper deep? And is not that wish truly a prayer? Yea, does there not lie latent and unexpressed a real prayer at the heart of all love? And, as we love our holy dead must not our love breathe out a petition for their constant and increasing advancement in the happiness and holiness of heaven?"

The custom of praying for the dead antedates the Christian religion; it was an ancient Jewish custom.

Professor Fisher says, in his "History of the Christian Church": "The day when a martyr died was kept as his birthday, or the day of his entrance into a higher life. On these natal days of the martyrs Christians gathered about their burial places; their good deeds and their sufferings were called to mind, and the sacrament was received. That prayers for the dead, who, though believers, were conceived of as still imperfect, were offered up on these occasions, we have proof as early as the beginning of the third century, **and the custom is then spoken of as one long established."**

These supplications for departed Christians were quite common long before the introduction into the Roman Church of the doctrine of purgatory by Augustine. With the implanting and spreading of that doctrine there came a new motive for offering such prayers, it being thought then that they might procure an abridgment of purgatorial torment.

In the second book of Maccabees which has to do with the later Jews it is written: "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

The venerable Augustine prayed frequently and fervently for Monica, his mother, notwithstanding the fact that he was confident that she had been accepted of God and was resting in peace.

Tertullian is the earliest Christian writer who makes mention of prayer for the dead as customary.

St. Chrysostom speaks of it as a law laid down by the apostles.

St. Cyprian wrote to Cornelius that their mutual prayers and good offices ought to be continued after either should be called away by death.

So overwhelming is the witness of the early Christian monuments in favor of prayers for the dead that no historian any longer denies that the practice and the belief which the practice implies were universal in the primitive church.

The testimony of the early liturgies is in harmony with that of the monuments. Nestorian and Monophosite as well as Catholic; those in Syriac, Armenian and Coptic as well as those in Greek and Latin contain the commemoration of the faithful departed in the mass, with prayer for peace, light, refreshment, and the like, and in many cases expressly for the remission of sins and the effacement of sinful stains.

In the Syriac Liturgy of St. James, for example, this is to be found: "We commemorate all the faithful dead who have died in the true faith. * * * We ask, we entreat, we pray Christ our God who took their souls and spirits to himself that by his many compassions he will make them worthy of the pardon of their faults and the remission of their sins."

Although, since the Reformation, it has been confined in the main to the Catholic Church, it is worthy of note that all down through the centuries it has had the sanction here and there of eminent persons outside that communion, and in private has been the practice of not a few prominent clergymen.

Gladstone is credited with the authorship of "A Prayer to a Friend Out of Sight," in which is this petition: "I beseech Thee for him whose name and dwelling place and every need thou knowest. Lord, vouchsafe him light and rest, peace and refreshment, joy and consolation in the companionship of saints, in the presence of Christ, in the ample

folds of thy great love. Grant that his life, so troubled here, may unfold itself in Thy sight and find a sweet employment in the spacious fields of eternity. * * Tell him, O gracious Lord, if it may be, how much I love him and miss him and long to see him again; and if there be ways in which he may come, vouchsafe him to me as a guide and guard, and grant me a sense of his nearness in such degree as Thy laws permit."

In a book entiled "Forms of Prayer for Every Day Use," John Wesley gives these words from an ancient liturgy: "I commend to Thy mercy the souls of all that are departed this life in Thy true faith and fear. Vouchsafe to bring us, with those who are dead in Thee, to rejoice together before Thee, through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ."

By Church of England divines from the days of the Reformation such intercessions have been used in private, and the Church itself has never forbidden it however little she has used them in her public services. Prominent among those making such petitions is Andrewes whose name headed the list of the men who made the Authorized or King James version of the Bible. Bishop Ken, who wrote the doxology that is sung today around the world, is of the number, as is also Keble whose sacred poems will continue throughout all time to enrich the Christian world.

Prayers for the dead form part of the authorized Jewish services today. In England the form in use contains these words: Have mercy upon him, pardon all his transgressions. Shelter his soul in the shadow of thy wings. Make known to him the path of life."

Professor Lewis O. Brastow of Yale Divinity School says: "The Church on earth and in heaven are one. The saints are human. They remember, they love, they desire, they aspire, they pray, they worship, they achieve. If they pray and remember, surely they must pray for us; and we too should remember them.. * * Prayer for the dead may be no function committed to the Church, but it is no function of the Church to repress the instincts of the Chritian heart."

In a poem entitled "Somewhere," Julia C. Dorr says:

How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art today.
Can he not reach thee with his tender care?
Can he not hear me when for thee I pray?

Somewhere thou livest and hast need of him;
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb;
And somewhere still, there may be valleys dim
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more, because thou canst not hear
Poor human words of blessing, will I pray,
O, true, brave heart, God bless thee, whereso'er
In his great universe thou art today.

In a recent Sunday evening address the Rev. Dr. W. H. Day of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles said concerning the late W. T. Stead: "He was always a preacher of righteousness and a prophet of' a better tomorrow.' As to Stead's interest in psychic research the remark was: "His sometimes indiscriminate acceptance of so-called psychic phenomena led his friends to be less certain of his judgment though they sympathized with the principle of psychical research. With reference to a personal interview Dr. Day said: "I shall not soon forget my own first visit with him in his London office, overlooking the Thames River. I had but recently come from an active share in relief and reform work, in part growing out of his own book, 'If Christ came to Chicago.' The rapid way in which he drew out all I knew of the situation in that city was startling to a youngster, and not at all disagreeable, because of the feeling that I was doing the best talking of which I was capable.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

Mr. Edward Day, a son of Professor Day of the San Francisco Theological Seminary, at San Anselmo, who has been studying in a German university the past year under a fellowship from Harvard, has recently been awarded another Harvard Fellowship, the Sheldon Fellowship in Zoology, and will therefore have another year of study in Europe.

At the recent session of the Oregon Conference of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ steps were taken to federate the educational interests of the United Brethren and the Evangelical Churches of Oregon. This involves two colleges, Philomath and Dallas, the former under the direction of the United Brethren; the latter under the direction of the Evangelical Church.

Professor Tolson, of Pacific Theological Seminary, and Mrs. Tolson have returned from their year abroad. They were in England, Scotland, France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. It was a delightful trip throughout. While in England several weeks were spent at Oxford. While abroad Mr. Tolson availed himself the opportunity to make a study of religious, social and political conditons.

Professor George Robertson, the Congregational professor in the Baptist College at Redlands, remarked in a recent toast on "Science and Religion": "True science and true religion are both feeling after God. Law is simply God's way of doing things. The Kingdom of Heaven is like a grain of mustard seed. Religion is life in the soul. It is not environment. The teacher's work is to lead his students through nature, history, literature, up to God."

Billy Sunday, the evangelist, is spending a few weeks looking after his apple orchard at Hood River, Oregon. It is "Dr. Sunday" now. His last evangelistic campaign this year was in June at Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, for which he received for six weeks'effort $10,244. "The laborer is worthy of his hire." But we cannot get away from the wish that the gospel could be preached without quite so much financial reward.

The Rev. Robert Whitaker of Los Gatos has been nominated for Congress by the Socialists of the eighth district. The nomination came without any seeking on his part. Mr. Whitaker will continue his pulpit work while making his campaign. He says: "The Socialist is the only party with a world-outlook and a world-program. I have been identified with them for more than twelve years and have seen a wonderful change in popular sentiment toward them. There is still some prejudice and a good deal of misunderstanding, but both are giving way rapidly as intelligent people come to face the facts of our day and to apprehend what are the real fundamentals of Socialism."

The Pacific Presbyterian last week noted the presence here of our veteran Constantinople missionary as follows: "Dr. Joseph K. Greene, for fifty-three years missionary in Turkey under the American Board, is spending some weeks around San Francisco Bay. He is one of the elder statesmen of missions and a most interesting speaker. He is outspoken in indignation at the Italian attack on Turkey in the present war, believing it to be an aggression deliberately

planned for years and acquiesced in by the other powers of the triple alliance. He speaks in full commendation of the reforms the Young Turks have initiated, the new things that have been seen during the past four years for the first time in Turkey. He makes the following striking indictment of the average American church member for lack of sympathy with the gospel spirit and the plan of Jesus for the saving of the world: 'Our present type of Christianity is not one suitable for export.' "

Last week The California Christian Advocate called the attention of Methodist pastors to a current criticism as follows: "The attention of pastors is called to a current criticism that the Methodist Episcopal ministers are careless in regard to the status of divorced parties applying for remarriage. The Marriage and Divorce Commission has been doing some original research work among the records and claim that the Methodist Episcopal ministers are in the lead as to the number of such marriages. Of course the Methodist Episcopal ministers are more numerous and more socially active and do far more marrying than the ministry of other churches. Our contention at this time is confined to the question as to whether or not our pastors are properly protected by a careful examination of each party thus applying for remarriage." This is the old-time boastful way of not a few Methodists, which we had hoped had passed into "innocuous desuetude." The odious feature of the disclosures made by the investigations by the Marriage and Divorce Commission was not however so much as to number as to the flagrancy of the cases.

The 45th anniversary of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles was celebrated last Sunday. In a sermon on that occasion the Rev. Dr. W. H. Day said: "A little group of Christians decided to organize a Congregational church. There was a Roman Catholic church for the Mexicans; and several Protestant denominations had attempted to start religious work. But when the Rev. Alexander Parker, the founder of this church, came to the city these other efforts had ceased. Because this little company of Christians could say with St. Paul, 'I am debtor,' because they were conscious of great obligations they determined to begin a new church. * * * This church was founded by six persons who felt the sense of debt as did St. Paul. Behind them stretched a line of Christians and churches who likewise said 'We are debtors to that far-away group in barbarous California.' Dr. Warren had come to superintend home misions because he was not a parasite, and recognized that he was a debtor. All across the continent stretched a line of praying and giving churches who knew they were debtors not only to the Greeks but to the far-away barbarians." In the course of his sermon Dr. Day stated that when the first little building was dedicated more than half of it came from churches in Northern California and from the East, and that the beginning would have been utterly impossible if they had shirked their distant though imperative responsiblty. And the counsel was: "We must return in glorious light the oil that has been so generously poured into the lamp of our lives."

Under the caption of "San Francisco Improving," The California Christian Advocate says: "The San Francisco mayor and chief of police and police justices deserve the good will of every decent citizen in the municipality. Some weeks ago a systematic effort was begun to curb and drive out an army of degenerate white-slave traffickers. Nearly a score of them has been arrested and happily some of the worst of them have been convicted and sentenced to punishment. By special permission of the San Francisco Bulletin, the mouth-piece of the San Quentin contingency and the voice of weak sentimentalists, we rejoice in their conviction and punishment. Without the slightest twinge of conscience we express the hope that every miserable villain engaged in betraying innocent girlhood will be arrested and convicted and punished to the uttermost limit of the law. The 'freedom of the press' may allow them to pour out their 'complaint' upon decent and self-respecting Society, but there is some compensation in having them in prison, though sensational and degenerate newspapers may be expected to repeat the stories of their crimes." This reference to the San Francisco Bulletin as an organ of weak sentimentalism will meet the approval of not a few persons who have been watching wonderingly the course and trend of that paper of late. The query is with many whether it will much longer stand for any law or order at all.

In a recent sermon the Rev. Dr. Sydney Strong of Queen Anne Congregational Church, Seattle, remarked: "The world is very puzzling. On last Thursday I watched the crowds assembled in front of the newspaper offices, receiving news over a wire and through a megaphone of prize fights in Arizona and Los Angeles. Now, there is no defense for a prize fight. It is not boxing. It is a piece of ugly, bloody, demoralizing brutality. The men who promote prizefighting for the most part are the gamblers and moral degenerates of civilization. It is depressing to know that cultivated brutality rides in autos, declares big dividends and incites great great public receptions.. With our newspapers encouraging prizefights and our children sucking in the poison of brutality, and our civilization brought perilously near the degradaton of the Roman republic it is puzzling for an average citizen to know what to do and what to think. I do not marvel, as I take excursions among men, that Jesus spoke of the people as sheep without a shepherd, as the blind stumbling around after blind guides." Dr. Strong's text was: As he reasoned of righteousness, and temperance and judgment to come, Felix trembled." The following words indicate the preacher's thought as to where to look for guidance.: When Paul stands before Felix, it is like a ray of light in the midst of thick darkness. He stands alone, unmindful of temporary gain and immediate influences, conscious only of the eternal truth as it would appear in years to come. He shows men how to act and think in the presence of this puzzling world."

In a note on "The Panama Canal and Immigration," the Northwestern Christian Advocate speaks as follows of what it calls "California's biggest problem": "European transport steamship lines are even now booking passengers for the Pacific Coast, landing them at San Pedro, for only $2.00 more than they will land them on the Atlantic Coast, the same to become effective with the opening of the Canal. Do our readers comprehend what a tremendous effect this will have on the distribution of immigrants? We are assured that the general result will be beneficial. Any means that will result in leading our immigrants past the great cities on the Eastern Coast into the interior and to the Western States is to be highly commended. But this readjustment of the immigrant will open to California the biggest problem she has yet had to encounter. Up to the present her perplexities have been on account of the Oriental. With the opening of the Canal the Chinese and Japanese will move on eastward, while the immigrant peoples of Europe will substitute them in great numbers. The problem is beginning to present itself to the thinking people of the state, and the question is being asked: What shall we do to meet these oncoming hordes?"

An effort to unite the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist and "Christian" churches at Wilbur, Washington, has failed. This is to be regretted, inasmuch as the population of the place is only 800, and there is in addition to the churches named a German and a Roman Catholic church. The Presbyterians were nearly unanimous for it; some of the Methodists and Batptists favored it, but the majority of the churches other than the Presbyterian were against it. It is in the Presbyterian Church at Wilbur that Mrs. Hay, the wife of the Governor of Washington, has membership.

Materials for a Thornton Memorial Chapel were shipped recently from the East to Seattle and thence to Cape Prince of Wales. Harrison R. Thornton, son of a Confederate officer in the civil war, entered the service of the American Missionary Association soon after the war and later at his own request was sent to Cape Prince of Wales to establish a school for Esquimaux children. One day, without provocation, he was shot by a drunken Esquimaux while standing in the door of the school house. Every year since then, says the Boston Transcript, over the grave of Thornton, the Esquimaux of Cape Prince of Wales have placed their tribute. This tribute is not flowers, for they have none, but skins that cost money to secure. Now a chapel and parish house, with medical dispensary, are to be provided in Thornton's memory. In charge now is Dr. Charles A. Thompson, a medical missionary, and he has recently saved the colony, United States enlisted men included, from an epidemic of typhoid by discovering germs of pollution and exterminating them. A few years ago the Rev. J. F. Cross, a son of Ohio, a graduate of Western Reserve College and of Yale Divinity School, an athlete of note while at New Haven, went to Cape Prince of Wales for the same reason that Thornton did—because of the need, and because the field is a difficult one. Six feet tall and broad shouldered, he broke down in health and reached Ohio after three years of service just in time to die in the home of his boyhood. Crossing the continent, along with the Thornton Chapel material, is a bell to be hung in the Chapel belfry, in which are cast the words, "In Memory of Rev. J. F. Cross: Buckeye Boy, Yale Athlete, Christ's Missionary."

At the recent California Christian Endeavor Convention a conference was called of those who intended to devote their lives to the gospel ministry, missions, and other forms of Christian service. Two hundred responded. Professor Moore of the Presbyterian theological seminary at San Anselmo, who was in attendance at the meeting in Fresno, writes the Pacific Presbyterian of the quality of the young people composing it: "It was an inspiring sight to look from the platform upon the eighteen hundred upturned faces; so bright with youth, intelligence, and Christian earnestness. There was of course the natural proportion of mere boys and girls in the assemblage. And it was good that they should be there. But the body of delegates consisted of mature young men and women, there with an intelligently serious purpose. I was particularly struck with the faces of the young ladies, who were in the majority. As my wife expressed it to me, 'they were such sweet, fresh, natural-looking girls, and so refined.' It is surely a happy augury, when the future motherhood of our state finds its pleasure in summer vacation in a C. E. Convention and Bible study." Making mention of the large percentage of Presbyterians in attendance, forty-two per cent, Dr. Moore says: "This is a showing which should surely make us pause and ask concerning our duty as a church toward this movement, in which so many of our best young people are interested, under whose influence they come and the character of whose influence in turn they so largely determine. The Presbyterians were not only the largest body, they were almost exactly equal to—just two more than—the combined attendance of the three next largest, namely, the Disciples, Congregationalists and Baptists. If therefore anything is not as it should be in the Christian Endeavor movement, we Presbyterians, who sometimes say things about it, are more largely responsible than anybody else. I found the leaders, like Mr. Wm. Shaw, the General Secretary, most anxious to correct those features in the life of many societies which have justly called forth unfavorable criticism, and sincerely desirous of the counsel and help of pastors in doing so."

GEORGE DE WITT CASTOR.

Last week The Pacific contained account of the death of Professor Castor of Pacific Theological Seminary. Services in memory of him were held in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley on Wednesday, July 17th, participated in by President Nash and Professor Buckham of the Seminary and the Rev. H. R. Miles of the First Congregational Church. At that time the following beautiful tribute was read by Professor Buckham:

The sun never gives out a light so rich and fair as when it is setting. A human life is never so radiant, its inner meaning and mission never so resplendent, as when it passes beyond our horizon and we see the light it has kindled strike far across the hills and valleys of our personal world and touch all the friendly and familiar places with its generous glow.

There was an unusual glow and lustre in this life of our friend—the face itself "so like the pictures of Jesus," the smile, the cheer, the gladness—the whole personality shines out upon us as with wistful faces we turn toward its larger and abiding meaning. It defines itself, as I dwell with loving retrospect upon it, as a life of happy, fruitful and eager earnestness. In it was none of the nonchalence, the dispirited weariness, the worldly wise cynicism that blight so many gifted lives. A noted critic of men and things once said: "I have never yet met a man who was fully awake. If I did, how could I dare to look him in the face?" Here was a man as fully awake as one will often meet. The eyes with which he looked upon the world were both keen and kindly, questioning and confident.

He was an eager, inquiring student. Those who knew best the attitude and tenor of his mind know how ardently he studied, pried below the surface and searched for the truer meanings and explanations. Few expressions of his were more characteristic than: "I want to look into that." He did look into many things, penetratingly as well as sympathetically, and many more things he longed to look into, but could not in the pressure of life's abounding interests. As a scholar he was not only eager, but finely poised and of most excellent judgment. How many times we have heard him state his view most animatedly and vigorously, only to add: "And yet I recognize—." O, fair, open-minded Lover of the Truth, may we be fairer and more truth-loving for thy sake! The Gospel of John was the special object of his study for several years past. He was looking further and further into the meaning of its great key words,—life and light. Perchance he knows more of them already than earth can discover.

He was also an eager, enthusiastic, enkindling teacher. How his voice rang out from his classroom with an in-

fectious, whole-souled earnestness that voiced, not assertiveness, but the joy of conviction. No wonder that he won the enthusiasm and admiration of his pupils and led them to share his well achieved conclusions. No wonder he was drafted for willing, self-sacrificing service as lecturer and teacher, and spent himself lavishly in his well-beloved art of teaching. He was far from being a mere intellectualist, interested only in general issues. The Sunday School was one of the chosen objects of his devotion. He had great faith in it and longed to see and realize its larger possibilities—and he always said that character, Christlikeness, spiritual life, was its main object, and not simply mental instruction.

He was an eager Nature-lover. The walks about New Haven and old Marburg were dear to him, but he loved especially California, — the Sierras, the Santa Cruz Mountains, but above all the Berkeley Hills. With what delight he roamed their summits and lay in their protecting folds! The flowers were his especial friends and puzzling enticements. To see Professor Castor analyze a flower was to witness a demonstration in the act of concentrated application. I can never forget how, at the end of a long day's tramp near Lake Tahoe, he left the trail to look for pyrolas, and the note of bouyant joy that announced their discovery.

Above all, he was eager to do, to help, to serve. The Good Samaritan was in him, as well as the good comrade and friend. He was gentle and loving toward all—except wrong-doing. How sternly have I heard him call to task a man who was cruel to his horse. He felt the condition of the oppressed and neglected. With a devotion to social service that reminds one of Thomas Hill Green and Graham Taylor he took up his residence for a year in the Green Street Church of San Francisco and in spite of the pressure of academic duties, identified himself with the life and lot of the people. To Pacific Seminary he gave himself with an eager devotion and with a largeness of outlook and clarity of judgment that in a few short years have been sufficient to leave his mark on this institution and to make his one of the honored and beloved names in the history of the Seminary.

O, eager, loving Spirit, how fares it with thee now? Can we believe that that Spirit is quenched forever? A trivial accident, so trivial we are impatient with it, has taken him from our visible fellowship, but not from the invisible, not from the company of those who "fare ever, there as here."

Scholar, Teacher, Comrade, Friend: We look after your retreating youthful form as you respond to the summons, "Thou hast been faithful . . . enter," watching you, dazed and saddened, as you pass from us, as I saw you pass into the shade of the great woods, but if we listen may we not hear your voice, vibrant with joy of new discoveries, as you call us onward? And our grief we would turn to gratitude, our sorrow to rejoicing that you have been with us and will be with us still.

What would you have us do? Not to be heavy-hearted, we know, not to think of our loss and our broken companionship, but to rise and press on gladly to the work you were so joyously doing, "rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation," giving ourselves with calm, fresh courage to the service of that Kingdom which you loved and which you longed to see come on earth as it is in Heaven.

"[Fond] friend, past, present and to be:
Love deeplier, darklier understood;
Behold [we] dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee."

THE LIFE THAT IS WORTH LIVING

A Sermon By The Rev. George Laughton, Pastor Of Mission Congregational Church, San Francisco.

Text, Luke 10-27. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God * * and thy neighbor as thyself.

It was the late Mr. W. H Lecky who once told the students at Trinity College that the three arts to which their intelligence and volition should be directed were Religion, Altruism, and Self-culture. Perhaps some of us would be ready to say that Religion includes Altruism and Self-culture. But for the present we will accept his distinction.

It is now generally acknowledged that the most important movement of thought during the last five and twenty years is the growing belief in the value of personality. We have come to know that man is the standard by which the worth of anything on earth must be measured. About the year 1300, Giotto drew a picture of Dante on the wall of a castle in the city of Florence. We are told that it is the only portrait of the great Florentine painted during his lifetime. But in those days men were uncomprehending and unsympathetic towards the works of genius. So the castle was turned into a common prison. Its windows were barricaded and its walls were white-washed. In 1840 an Englishman recovered the lost likeness. The erstwhile jail is now an art gallery, crowded daily with people from all over the world. But till men could see and appreciate the work of Giotto, the walls of that building were nothing more than white-washed plaster. Is it useful? is the test we apply to everything. The diamond fields of Kimberly, the coal mines of Pennsylvania, the copper regions of Michigan were not worth the taxes the state levied on them till their products were made marketable. And so it is with all things. The pomp and glory of the sunset, the savage grandeur of the ocean, the awe-inspiring magnificence of the Grand Canyon, the Fifth Symphony, the soul-subduing splendor of the Matterhorn, the song of the nightingale, the Sistine Madonna, the In Memoriam — everything in this world takes on its character and its worth according as it is related to man and appropriated to his use.

Apart from personality all earthly music is silent and all material beauty is dissolved. But there is another side to this. The appreciative faculty in man is that which determines his own worth.

Two men looked out of the prison bars,
The one saw mud, the other saw stars.

You need no specialist to tell you which of the two was the moral pervert. "Madam, don't you wish you could?" was Turner's shattering rebuke to the woman who said that she had never seen the sun set as he had painted it. She was not an artist. "What think ye of Christ?" is a philosophic question. It is an all-determining question, for when a man defines he reveals himself. He may be telling you what he thinks of a particular person, thing, or institution, but in his definition the man's soul rushes outdoors and stands exposed. Hence, the writers of the New Testament, with an unerring psychological instinct are ever urging us to fasten our minds on the things of high account. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsover things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things."

Now in the whole range of human thought and activity, there is no relationship in which the principle I am insisting upon receives a stronger confirmation that in a man's attitude toward life as God has given him to live it. There is a vital connection between a man's character and his outlook on life. He estimates life as he lives it. His definition of life is a definition of himself.

Herein is the explanation of that strange anomaly, that men should look at life and give it such widely-divergent interpretations. They behold the pageant, they hear the voices, they witness the struggles and the conquests; but to one man, life with all it holds of hope and joy, with its heroisms and sacrifices, and steady rise towards righteousness, is an unrelieved tragedy; whide to another man this same existence, despite its attendant horror and evil and anguish, despite its sin and woe, is fulfilling the purposes of a God who is too wise to err and too good to be unkind. So it

really comes to this: that a man's vision is conditioned by his own moral quality and aim, his own spiritual faculty and endeavor. Is life worth living? It can only be worth living where it is worthily lived. And where it is worthily lived the question will not be asked, that is, as being indicative of a final attitude.

My friends, I do not forget that for some, life is full of "grey days and drear," when plans are wrecked and hopes are sunk; days of passionate protest and surging grief, when the heart is emptied of a treasure that was cherished, and the spirit is bowed beneath the downward thrust of adverse circumstances. Such experiences will surely come to us all, and when passing through them, even good men and true will pause to ask themselves if existence is really worth while. But this with them is not a permanent state of mind. It is a passing obsession. So we are driven to ask is there a principle, worthy of universal allegiance, commanding universal authority, as good for one man as any other, loyalty to which will bring me to the highest destiny of which I am capable? In answer to this question I point you to the text. Here we are directed to the three great ultimates of the universe—God, my neighbor, and myself. Establish right relations with these and you have the three arts of which Lecky spoke. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God—that is Religion. Thou shalt love thy neighbor—that is Altruism. Thou shalt love thyself—that is Self-culture. And so we thank God for a principle of life that reaches finality. We are grateful for a definition so simple that he who runs may read and reading may comprehend. It contains no contradiction, no anomaly, nothing about which there need be any controversy. Here is the principle, which cleaving its way through all the petty schemes that men have spun, touches all hearts and knits them together in a bond of common brotherhood. We have found the chief good.

Let us examine the three branches of this great principle. First: Thou shalt love God. Prof. James, in his varieties of Religious experience, tells us that amid the conflicting opinions of this world's religions they are agreed on two main propositions, namely, that there is something wrong about man as he stands; and that the remedy for the wrongness consists in making connection with the higher powers. It is maintaining this conection that constitutes religion. Man's spiritual faculties can never be discredited, for they are indestructible. With his eyes on the earth he may try to persuade himself that all things are of the earth, earthy; but sooner or later, the triumphs and the tragedies, the glory and the shame, the aspirations and abasements, the gladness and grieving of his own existence will compel him to look up at the stars and know that somewhere beyond them lies his true home. The passion for God—that is the undying instinct of the human heart. We are in this world to find God and enjoy Him forever. The supreme purpose of our lives is to satisfy the God--hunger that will never leave us till we have Him our refuge and strength. A man may gain everything that constitutes what Jesus called The World. Wealth, fame, pleasure, companionships, place and power, may all be his. But if when the curtain is rung down on his activities it is found that He has failed to make connection with the higher powers, he will see that he has missed the one thing worth striving for, and that with all his boasted possessions he goes into eternity with a soul as naked and forlorn as a rain-washed bone. On the other hand a man may be destitute of all material things that seem to give life its volume, power and intensity, he may miss all that some people strive for, but if he "has trusted the Fatherhood of God, believed in the Saviourhood of Jesus, and submitted to the guidance of the Spirit," then when his tasks are done, and the measure of his days is completed, it will be found that he has made the best of both worlds.

In this life the peace that passeth all understanding, the joy that is unspeakable and full of glory have been his portion; and in the life to come he is certain to stand before God in Zion.

Any my friends, when once a man comes to know God in all the fullness of His saving grace, let God in Christ be revealed to a man, and if he responds to the vision, and his heart is opened to receive its power, then this commandment becomes irresistible. Love to God will be the normal condition of his being. It was the reception of this vision that made the Psalmist say: "Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon the earth I desire beside Thee. My heart and my flesh faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever." To love God means that we are partakers of His spirit, that we are possessed of His sympathy, that we make our lives range up to His own eternal purposes for us, that we place ourselves in His hands to be the best men and women He can make of us, that we share in His service and continue His sacrifice. It is entering into that frame of mind which can say:

O God, of good the unfathomed sea,
Who would not give himself to Thee?
Who would not love Thee with his might?
O Jesus, lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind
With all his strength, to Thee unite?

And that is religion, with God at the summit, God at the foundation, God at the soul and centre of it.

Second: Thou shalt love thy neighbor. The man who has attained a right attitude towards God early perceives that the Divine plan is larger than his own life, and that it includes other people's interests and destinies. He sees that God's love gathers all within its mighty arms. And a sense of a grave responsibility comes to him: There are fresh crusades to be entered upon, new tasks to be engaged in, additional burdens to be borne. He sees that he is God's representative on earth. He now knows the inner meaning of what science calls the solidarity of the race.

Running straight through history and life there is one grand principle which hourly reveals its own strength and scope. It is distinctly manifest in all forms of activity, and its sweep is as wide as humanity. It is the law of individual influence. We are lifting the world up or we are dragging it down. We are enriching it or bankrupting it. We are making it godly or godless. Lowell said: "He is true to God who is true to man." It would be nearer the mark to say—he is true to man who is true to God. The hearts, out of which flows the milk of human kindness are the hearts that are open widest on the Godward side. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, self-control." And these are the fruit of the Spirit. They are not manufactured. They are not sold in any market. They are the rich gifts of God to your soul. And having received them you are vested with the noble and ennobling right of giving them to your brother who will never be wealthy enough to purchase them at your hands.

"To some people your life may be a song, let them listen to it; a poem, let them read it; a picture, let them see its form and color; a flower, for a time let the brightness and sweetness of it be theirs."

Surely the one way in which we can exhibit our love to the Father of us all is by being kind to some of His other children. It is always and everywhere true that none of us liveth unto himself. Even Aristotle said that a solitary man must either be an animal or a god. But ah me, how blind we are to the needs of others. In the years when strength is our portion, when the pleasures of to-day bear promise of the joys for to-morrow, we are sufficient unto ourselves, and we will not remember that every day men and women with whom we associate are needing help as a man needs help when drowning. The curse resting upon the modern church is that of a self-imposed spiritual myopia. We need to have our eyes opened, then shall we know that there are lonely hearts to cherish while the days are going by.

And seeing men as Jesus saw them we shall come to love them with that love wherewith He has loved us all.

Lastly—Thou shalt love thyself. That is Self-culture. You know what a cultured voice is; one, that by long discipline and earnest cultivation has reached its highest state of perfection. You know what a cultured plant is; one, that has been trained by a specialist, experimented with, pruned and primed until it is the best in its class. Now self-culture simply means that all the right qualities of mind and heart have been encouraged and developed, and all wrong qualities have been rooted out.

There are some people whose souls are like a desert, over which the simoons of worldliness have swept and on whose bosom a flower never blooms. There are others

whose souls have been so carefully nurtured that they blossom like the Paradise of God. There are men, we all know such, whose deportment is above criticism; they have a machine-like precision of moral and legal conformity; they enjoy a certain measure of social and domestic felicity; and yet they never remind you of Jesus. There are other, surely we know them, who are perhaps uncouth and rough-mannered; whose knowledge is meagre, whose powers are very limited; whose education has been altogether neglected; and yet, when you look into their faces you know what John means when he says that up yonder they have no need of sun, and when you shake hands with them you feel that you are in the presence of a child of God. They remind you of the Master.

So we are brought in closing to where all sermons should lead, to Christ and His cross. Let a man realize the enormous demands of this principle on his heart and life and he will greatly feel the need for casting himself on the grace of Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many. The Master is the supreme example of what we ought to be, the type of what we ourselves may become. He loved God. He was always under the control of the Divine presence. His meat and drink was to do the will of God. He accepted the cross because he believed that by so doing He fulfilled His heavenly Father's plans concerning Him. Perfect love had cast out fear.

He loved man. He spoke words of blessing to all. His hand was ever outstretched to help and to heal. His heart was filled with a kindness that enveloped the world. He went about doing good.

And he is the final exponent of self-culture.So perfect was He, so utterly free from selfishness, so abounding in all things beautiful and true, that we speak of Him as the sinless one. And we are His followers. "As Thou didst send me into the world, even so sent I them into the world," are the words of His prayer.

In Raphael's studio there was a young man whose artistic skill gave signs of a great future. He was approached by a man of influence, who urged him to establish a school of his own, telling him that honor and riches would surely be his. The youth answered: "I am not anxious to found a school, to gain wealth and position, but I am anxious to catch Raphael's spirit, and reproduce his ideals in my own work." My friends, in that simple thought there is given us the genius of the life that is worth living. It is the Christ-life. And when we have so lived in the Master's presence, have so absorbed His spirit, are so utterly at one with Him, that the thoughts beating in our brain are His thoughts, and the words that we speak are His words, and the deeds we do are the deeds He would do under similar conditions, then shall we be able to say with Paul: "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." And the life that is worth living shall be ours to enjoy.

NOT OUT OF REACH

You think them out of reach, your dead?
Nay, by my own dead, I deny
Your "out of reach." Be comforted:
'Tis not so far to die.

O by their dear remembered smiles
And outheld hands and welcoming speech,
They wait for us, thousands of miles
This side of "out-of-reach."

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Love feels no burden, thinks nothing of trouble, attempts what is above its strength, pleads no excuse of impossibility. Thomas a Kempis.

The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light;
Earth looks so little and so low,
When faith shines full and bright.

—Faber.

THE NEW YEAR BOOK.
Table of Comparisons.

Comparisons between the figures reported last year and this year:

Number of Churches, January 1, 1911, as printed		6,033
Churches added to the list	115	
Churches dropped from the list	100	
Net gain		15
Total number of churches January 1, 1912		6,048
Number of churches, A. B. C. F. M.		583
Grand total		6,631
Number of Members, January 1, 1911, as printed		735,583
Gain in 31 states	6,805	
Loss in 18 states	3,627	
Net gain		3,178
Total number of members		738,761
Number of members in A. B. C. F. M. churches		76,650
Grand total		815,411
Members in Sunday Schools, January 1, 1911, as printed		664,973
Gain in 27 states	14,883	
Loss in 21 states	15,227	
Net loss		344
Total		664,629
Number in Independent and Mission Schools		41,301
Grand total		705,903
Number in Membership of Young People's Societies, January 1, 1911, as printed		132,518
Gain in 21 states	3,630	
Loss in 28 states	8,196	
Net loss		4,566
Total		127,952
Amount of Benevolent Offerings to societies, January 1, 1911, as printed		$1,269,409
Increase in 22 states	$43,889	
Decrease in 30 states	59,926	
Net decrease		16,037
Total		$1,253,372
Amount of Congregational Gifts, January 1, 1911, as printed		$2,860,572
Increase in 22 states	$128,154	
Decrease in 30 states	534,386	
Net decrease		406,232
Total		$2,454,340
Amount of Home Expenditures, January 1, 1911, as printed		$8,965,894
Increase in 28 states	$541,626	
Decrease in 21 states	151,398	
Net increase		390,228
Total		$9,356,122

MORE ANCIENT HISTORY.

Rev. Joseph Rowell.

Climbing a Cliff.

Having to spend a day at the island Iaboga, I took advantage of a low tide to get around the south side, in search for new shells and other curiosities. I supposed that in three hours I could fill my bag and get back around the point before the tide would cut off my retreat. But I became so interested in my finds that I forgot about the time, and when I came to my senses I found myself shut in by the sea with no possible escape except by climbing an almost perpendicular cliff, perhaps four hundred feet high, and this seemed utterly impossible. The lower part was not precipitous, and being composed of boulders set in cooled lava, proved comparatively easy climbing. But up a hundred feet the formation changed to a slaty trap, and became steeper and steeper. Sometimes I held my whole weight, with my bag of shells added, with one hand, while I felt around for a crevice for hand or foot to use, and sometimes, by pulling out a loose piece of trap, I got a brief resting place. Sometimes a bush growing in a crevice furnished a foot or hand hold, and then I would find myself facing a smooth, perpendicular cliff twenty feet high, making it necessary to climb down again and find a way to get around it. The labor was extremely exhausting, and the danger of fatal falling constant.

Then came a new peril. A pelican that looked as large as a sheep dashed at me with a scream. I knew that a blow from the bird would send me down into the sea, so I held on with one hand and tried to defend myself with the other. But the bird was afraid too, and instead of striking me, came within three feet and turned away with a sudden jerk and a scream. Then a score or two of pelicans followed the first, dashing at me, one by one, but all turning away sharply, like the first. I was invading their reserve, and they were very angry about it. But after a while, finding that I was in no real danger from them, I resumed my climbing. It was fearfully exhausting work, and time and again I said to myself, I shall not live to reach the top. But I did reach it and found myself in another bad place. I was on the top of a jutting cliff, perpendicular on both sides and before me an impenetrable thorn hedge through which I could not see, even a few feet. It was a matted mass of shrubs set thick with sharp spines from one inch to three inches long. A machete (a short, straight sword) would have served me well now, but I had only my pocket knife, and when I felt in my pocket for this it was gone. So I had to break my way through and over this fearful hedge, breaking the branches with my bare hands and climbing up and up, not within several feet of the ground. I broke my way through and over this mass of thorns, for rod after rod, taking hours of time, and growing faint with hard work, using another set of muscles than those I had exhausted in climbing the precipice, and at last got my feet on solid earth again, completely worn out, but in a thicket through which I could break my way. To my surprise I saw a single stalk of sugar cane, the relic of a former plantation. I broke it down, bruised it in pieces with stones, and chewed and sucked at the most refreshing morsel I ever tasted. Then I came to an orange tree with one orange on it, which I devoured, skin and all, and found my strength returning. I soon came on the marks of an old path, which I followed into a well-beaten path which I knew must lead to the habitations of men. The hardest physical struggle of my life was done. I hastened on, got under a roof and on to a hard bed, and slept the sleep of my life.

Many times in my long life has God's hand led me out of great perils and hardships, and I suppose that in none of them was my escape from sudden death more marked than in this cliff climbing.

WEEKLY REST DAY BILL

G. L. Tufts.

Judging from reports from several counties the indications are that the total number of signatures to the weekly rest day petition of California will fall far short of the required number. Not more than one-third of the petitions sent to the pastors of the state have been returned. Had one-half of the 1500 mailed to ten denominations been sent back as well signed as those which were turned in, there would have been enough and to spare. The postmasters reported but seven of the 1500 "unclaimed." They were mailed in a large envelop with the return address marked on them and the word "Important" written across the face of each envelop.

But the law provides for a supplemental petition. So the Central committee kindly requests all the pastors who hav not sent their petitions to the person who was to file them at the county seat, to look them up and get them well filled and returned not later han Aug. 30th. Please do not say there is plenty of time and neglect it till you again forget it. Let the petitions be placed in the hands of a good canvassor who is a registered voter of your county. Every congregation has some one who will deem it a privilege to do this work. Follow the directions already sent you except the former dates.

The canvasser should not fail to fill in all the precinct numbers before forwarding to the custodian at your county seat. This is absolutely essential, as well as the residence. The county clerk will reject all that are not precincted. Learn the precinct numbers from maps which your city clerk will furnish you. Let each canvasser aim on getting one hundred or more signatures of voters registered in his county. Request all to sign the same given name or initials they used in registering, especially married women, who frequently use their husband's initials. The signatures on the petition will be compared with those on the registration book.

Those interested in race-track gambling have secured three times as many signatures on their petition as they need. There are 330,000 Protestants in California. We require but 31,000 names. A pastor in charge of the petitions for an entire county writes; "But two petitions have been turned in to me on the rest day movement. They were filed yesterday with the county clerk and contain 130 signatures. This number could just as easily have been 500 had our pastors been awake to the importance of the matter'.' Another custodian of a populous county writes: "I have only seven petitions with 330 names and one of these is invalid because the pastor who get the signatures and made the affidavit is not registered." We shall win this battle when all "come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

Objections To The Bill

Only two have reached our ears. It is objected that the rest day provided for is from Saturday noon till Sunday noon. But the bill does not so read. It says "the period of time which begins at twelve o'clock on Saturady afternoon and ends at twelve o'clock on the following afternoon. If three o'clock on Saturday afternoon is three hours after 12 M., or the noon hour, then twelve o'clock on Saturday after-

noon must mean twelve hours after the noon hour. From midnight of Saturday to midnight of Sunday would have been ambiguous, because each day in the Roman calendar has two midnights, one at the beginning and one at the close of the day. We used the proper legal expression to cover the Roman Sunday, the same that is used in the law of Canada.

The other objection is two-fold. Some say it is too liberal because it does not prohibit Sunday amusements and others say it is too radical because it prohibits Sunday saloons and excursions. So it appears that the bill strikes the golden mean, the only kind that the majority of the people would vote for. A bill could not be passed by a popular vote if it is higher than public sentiment will support. When the Christian home, the Church and the religious press shall have established higher Sabbath standards, then and not till then can the law maker be more radical in his measures. But this bill will accomplish far more than the casual reader imagines. It makes prominent the things which will be allowed on Sunday but does not list the far more numerous things which it will prohibit. The bill also provides for the closing of amusements by local legislation wherever public sentiment will justify it. Let us be practical and get what we can.

CHURCH WORK ON THE COAST.

Edward Densmore Weage.

A pastorate of ten years in Seattle has given point to several questions as to church work here and in other cities on the coast. How does the coast compare with the rest of the country in aggresive church work? How do the cities in California, Oregon and Washington compare with the rest of these states? How do the larger city churches compare with the smaller ones? These were the three questions for which we sought an answer in the Year Books from 1902-1911 inclusive. The cities chosen as typical Congregational centers were Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland and vicinity, including Berkeley and Alameda, Portland, and Seattle.

The total gain on the coast for ten years was Oregon 4 churches, California 20, Washington 56. Oregon 1248 members, Washington 6510, California 9055. A gain of 80 churches and 16,813 members..

In the cities: San Francisco gained 5 churches but lost 599 members. Oakland and vicinity gained 5 churches and 1663 members. Portland gained 4 churches and 1052 members. Los Angeles 6 churches and 2093 members. Seattle 10 churches and 1393 members. Each city, Portland excepted, dropped from one to three churches. Sometimes the disbanding was for the purpose of forming a new church but the name has been taken from the list. In Oakland, San Francisco and Los Angeles there are churches whose membership is less now than it was ten years ago. But there have been cases of notable increase. Not counting now the great First Churches which have all grown largely there are instances in Los Angeles, Berkeley, Portland, Seattle, where one or more of the smaller churches has grown surprisingly, in one instance the membership having more than quadrupled in ten years. The total membership in the cities indicated has increased 35%.

But it is not here that we find the center of things. The figures of Secretary Schwartz given not long ago concerned the relation of the growth of Congregational Church membership in the cities to the growth of population. The best showing he found in Seattle, the population increasing, from 1900-1910, 194%, and the membership of the Congregational Church 184%. As to the country at large he concludes that "The Congregational Church in the city is fighting successfully." His figures are valuable and the result to which they point encouraging. Still if the church is doing its work that fact is not indicated by the mere gross increase of membership at any given point. It may be true, as Secretary Schwartz says, that this growth is not "Due in any large measure to the removal of our (Congregational) members from the country to the city." But it is due largely to additions by letter. And additions by letter do not of necessity mean any increase of the working force in the church at large. Churches must do more than trade members if they are to save the world.

In the United States last year the additions by confession were 30,582, by letter 27,107. On the coast the proportion was reversed, being 2930 by confession and 4201 by letter. Washington was the only state where the additions by confession, 1142, were more than those by letter, 1026. In the cities named there were 932 by confession and 1186 by letter.

The record for ten years shows 7837 additions on confession and 10,390 on letter in the coast cities during ten years. Seattle gives a total of 1502 by confession and 2585 by letter. There is only one English-speaking Congregational Church in Seattle whose record for ten years shows as many additions by confession as by letter. Los Angeles has one such church, Portland two, Oakland four, San Francisco six. These San Francisco churches, all small, added in the ten years 500 members by confession, a number that was not equaled by any single large church except the First of Los Angeles and the First of Oakland. The latter is the only large church whose additions by confession equaled those by letter during the ten years.

Looking at the question from another standpoint: According to the last Year Book in the country at large it took twenty-four members to secure one addition on confession. The ratio was 1-24. On the coast it was 1-15. In the coast cities it was 1-17. If now we ask how the larger city churches, those of 200 or more members, are standing in the comparison the record is as follows: In the larger churches the ratio between additions by confession and the church membership is: Oakland 1-16, Los Angeles 1-22, Seattle 1-22, Portland 1-26, San Francisco 1-32. In churches under 200 members: San Francisco 1-9, Seattle 1-10, Oakland 1-11, Los Angeles 1-13, Portland 1-17.

If there is any truth in these figures several things are apparent: First the Pacific Coast, that has long been thought the hardest part of the country for aggressive Christian work, leads the country in the ratio between its membership and additions by confession. Second: The cities are not up to the mark set by the coast as a whole. Third: The larger churches have not reached the mark set by the cities.

"Grandma," asked little Tommy one evening at the supper table, "do your glasses make things look bigger?"

"Yes, dear," said grandma. "Why?"

'Oh," said Tommy, "I only thought if they did maybe you'd take 'em off when you're cutting my piece of cake."

"What dirty hands you have, Johnnie!" said his teacher. "What would you say if I came to school that way?" "I wouldn't say nothin'," replied Johnnie. "I'd be too polite.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Los Angeles, East.—Eight persons were received to membership at the last communion service.

Ontario.—Dr. Loba will supply the pulpit of the First Church of Tacoma during August. At the last communion service seven persons were welcomed into fellowship.

Campbell.—Work is progressing nicely on the parsonage building. Mr. G. L. Blaver, one of the trustees who moved recently to Palo Alto presented the pastor's wife his driving pony and covered buggy. Two persons were received to membership at the last communion.

East Auburn.—The Rev. Henry G. Miller and Mrs. Miller will spend the month of August in Alameda and Berkeley. At the July communion service there were eight additions to the church membership, four on confession. At the previous communion there was one accession on confession. The outlook is for a forward movement religiusly in Congregational circles here.

San Francisco, First.—The pulpit will be occupied for the next five Sundays by the Rev. Robert Walker of New York who has been called to the Green Street Work. At once, after Dr. Aked's return the first of September Mr. Walker will enter on the work in the Green Street field. The following is from last Sunday's calendar: "Mr. Walker's visit is anticipated with great eagerness. Congregationalists and Presbyterians have united in the Green Street project. Not only is the present Church to be built up, but work of the very first importance amongst the Italians is to be commenced. Mr. Walker is probably better equipped for preaching the Gospel to Italians than any man living at the present time. He was for twenty-six years minister of Baptist Churches in Italy. He is at the moment Superintendent of all the Italian Missions of New York City under the control of the Baptist City Mission. He is a man of enormous energy, wide culture, of travel and great experience. He is a powerful and eloquent preacher in English and, it may be repeated with confidence, the greatest preacher in Italian to be found in the Protestant world. Personally Dr. Aked hopes that the members of this congregation and the people of San Francisco will welcome Mr. Walker so heartily and impress upon him so deeply a sense of their need of him that he will enter with great joy upon his work at the Green Street Church."—The Sunday School at All Souls' Branch is showing an encouraging increase.

Los Angeles First.—Rev. H. S. Little, Assistant Pastor, and Director of Religious Education, has started a work of greatest value to the city. It is a Vacation Religious Day School. Entirely undenominational. Though novel it is not experimental, having won golden opinions in the East. The short term extends from July 8-19 and is equivalent to one year of Sunday School sessions. The teachers are the best in the county and the courses the most ideal published. The grading most careful. The varied curriculum is arranged to fascinate rather than fatigue and aims to associate enjoyment with religious growth. The High School Department is for all who have finished the 8th Grade and those over fourteen approved by the principal. The Junior is for pupils in the 5th to 8th Grades; the Primary for children six years old and over. The music is led by a trained musical director and high grade hymns used. The tuition is for the ten days. Each afternoon at 2.30 there is a series of athletic events under an expert trainer. The fascinating manual training is also directed by an expert. Friday afternoons there are debates, essays, stories, recitations and music, and contests of all kinds with honor certificates for creditable work. There are two series of delightful Story Hours by the charming story writer and fascinating story teller Stephani Schutze. At 10 a. m., "Story Gems from the Old Testament," at 1 p. m., "Stories of Jesus' Life." The teachers have reason to rejoice in their work as even the boys have to be driven out for recess and at noon. One mother said, "my daughter studies her Bible as if it was Latin Grammar." Other similar remarks might be quoted This school is conducted on the grounds and in the buildings of the First Congregational Church. The graduating exercises will be at 7.45 Friday evening July 19, 1912.

NOTES AND PERSONALS

The Rev. Dr. James H. McLaren, who was pastor of the Congregational Church at Riverside a few years ago, has been called to the pastorate of the United Presbyterian Church in Pasadena.

President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary accompanied Mrs. George D. Castor to Kansas City last week where the body of Professor Castor was taken for interment. Pacific Coast friends will be glad to learn that Mrs. Castor, after spending a few weeks with relatives in the East, will return to California to reside.

The Rev. George M. Rowland, an American Board Missionary to Japan, spoke at the Monday meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity. Mr. Rowland, who has been in the home land for a year on furlough, took the steamer this week to return to the mission field. Next Monday the address will be given by the Rev. Robert Walker of New York City who comes to take up the diversified work of the Green Street field.

In the death last week of the Rev. H. N. Bevier the religious interests of California lost a valuable and widely esteemed worker. Mr. Bevier was pastor for many years of one of the Presbyterian churches of San Francisco, and while here his influence extended far beyond the circle of his own denomination. For twenty years or more he was prominently identified with Chautauqua at Pacific Grove. Two years ago he resigned the pastorate in this city and took another at Centerville.

The Rev. S. C. Patterson of North Berkeley, after a rest of two weeks at the sanitarium at St. Helena, took for the remainder of his vacation a trip to Puget Sound, spending the time at Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle, and returning by way of Portland. He reports a fine new Congregational church building at Vancouver, and remarkable progress in that city since he was there fourteen years ago. Of our Puget Sound cities Portland impressed him as having had the most substantial growth—moving forward through the years steadily, without any boom, but always forging ahead.

WASHINGTON.

Monroe.—Under the leadership of the Rev. M. A. Frost the church at Monnroe has nearly doubled in membership in the last year and a half. At the last communion service there were twelve accessions.

Everett.—State Senator J. A. Falconer, who is a candidate for the Republican nomination for congress, is a member of the Congregational Church. He was educated at Beloit College, and has resided in Everett since 1894.

Seattle, University.—This church unites with the Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist churches of this part of the city in union Sunday evening services from July 21 to August 25 inclusive.

Seattle, Plymouth.—A vacation summer school opened Monday in Plymouth Church under the direction of Rev. L. E. Scholl, director of social service of Plymouth. In additional to Bible School work there will be lessons in singing. There will be also manual training, games etc.

..Seattle, Pilgrim.—The Rev. Hugh Elmer Brown, pastor Windsor Avenue Congregational Church of Hartford, Connecticut, cabled a few days ago from Rotterdam an acceptance of the call recently given him by Pilgrim Church. He plans to enter on the work in Seattle early in November. Both Mr. and Mrs. Brown are natives of Washington, the latter having been born in Seattle, the former in Dayton. While Mr. Brown is abroad his wife and young son are with her parents, Mr and Mrs. E. S. Osborne of this city.

PROFESSOR J. FRED SMITH.

On Monday, July 8th, 1912, Prof. J. Fred Smith, Principal of Campbell Union High School, a prominent citizen of Campbell and a beloved member of Campbell Congregational Church, passed into the other life. Taken suddenly ill while on a vacation trip in the Santa Cruz mountain, he was sent to a sanitarium in Santa Cruz, and his wife summoned, a surgical operation being considered necessary. His unexpected death, some ten days later, came as a shock to his family and the many friends who had honed that his splendid constitution and previous robust health would carry him safely through this ordeal.

With the passing of Prof. Smith, a life of generous service for others has ended. The church has lost a true member, the school a capable, wise and cultured leader, the town a far-seeing and enthusiastic citizen.

J. Fred Smith was born Sept. 9th, 1852, in Wichenton, Mass. At the age of twenty he graduated from Dartmouth College with the degree of B. S. and was granted the honorary degree of A. M. by that College in 1883. In 1879 Mr. Smith taught as head in the mathematics department in a New York private school. Here he married Ellen Rebecca Sawyer in 1880. Four years later he was head of a private school at Fishkill-on the-Hudson. In 1899 he came to Campbell with his family from Grinnell, Iowa, where he had been at the head of the academic department of Grinnell College since 1890. He was given an A. M. degree by Stanford University. In 1900 the Campbell Union High School was organized, the people of Campbell and vicinity recognizing the opportunity that was theirs of securing Prof. Smith for its principal, through his residence here. During the twelve years of the school's existence he has been its loved and trusted head. An enthusiastic lover of young people, a wise friend and guide, the influence of his Christian character has done much to mold the lives of those who have been his pupils.

While the school and its interests were his especial care, no good work of the community lacked his hearty support and co-operation. Of a wise and sane optimism, he was fertile in plans for the general good, always believing in the possibility of achieving the thing that needed to be done.

At his funeral, which was held at the family residence, on the shaded lawn, the love and esteem in which he was held was testified by the crowd of sorrowing friends and neighbors, by the wealth of floral offerings, and by the numbers of young people present—students and graduates of the High School.

The pastor of the Campbell Congregational Church, the Rev. Geo. E. Atkinson, conducted the services, reading various passages of Scripture which were favorites of Prof. Smith's. He spoke touchingly of the high faith and Christian character of this friend who had "gone home." A quartette of young ladies, recent graduates of Campbell High School, rendered the three hymns sung, the accompanist also being a graduate of the same school. The Rev. C. W. Merrill, pastor of the Congregational church of Saratoga, spoke a few words in appreciation of the noble life that had passed. Dr. C. N. Cooper feelingly expressed the sorrow of the Campbell church, speaking as a member of the Official Board, on which Prof. Smith had served in various capacities. Mr. J. F. Duncan, member of the School Board, added his testimony of regard, and the Rev. E. S. Williams, of Saratoga, and Rev. Geo. Marsh, of Paso Robles, spoke, telling of the help they had received through their acquaintance with this loved friend.

The following tribute, prepared by a committee appointed for that purpose, was read at the morning service of the Congregational church at Campbell, July 14th, and adopted by the church:

"A life of useful, generous, helpful service has closed. In the passing from us of so noble a life as that which Professor Smith lived among us for thirteen years. We as a church have suffered a loss which we cannot estimate. Our loss is an individual one, for he was a friend to each one of us. His was a life of service, not only to the church, but to the whole community.

"We would express our appreciation of his exemplary life, as well as his untiring energy in behalf of all the interests of the church; a kindly sympathizer, a helpful counsellor, a loving teacher of the young, his breadth of view and wise foresight inspired us to larger efforts in every good work.

"We desire to express to Mrs. Smith and her family our heartfelt sympathy, praying the good Father that His love may enfold them and His grace be sufficient in this hour of sorrow."

The Home.

WALKING TOGETHER

"Dear Love," he said, that morning long ago,
"Where Life may lead the wisest cannot know,
Or through what changing weather.
If I could choose, no cloud should dim the sky."
She smiled. "What matter where the road may lie,
So we two walk together?"

"Dear Heart," he said, when they had journeyed far,
And the calm radiance of the evening star
Above the hills was shining,
"The road was rough, and Life, the master, taught
Lessons with bitter wisdom sometimes fraught,
Beyond our hearts' divining.

"Yet good has sometimes come from seeming ill,
And love unchanging led us safely still
Through storms and sunny weather."
She smiled. "What matter though the road were rough,
The lessons bitter? This was joy enough,
That we have walked together."

—Emily Huntington Miller.

It never will rain roses; when we want
To have more roses we must plant more trees.

—George Eliot.

THE BASIS OF POSITIVE HEALTH.

The mother's responsibility for her children's health is a tree that is deep-rooted in their very existence, and spreads its branches to the remotest borders of their lives, overshadowing even those of the coming generation. Furthermore, the enlightened, modern mother takes the correct view of this health problem—the scientific view. She does not think of the children's bodies as "inferior" to their minds, or of any elementary need as trifling. She knows that life is largely a matter of balance and proportion, and that superior mentality and morality are, in general, conditioned upon a normal or superior physique.

If she is to do her best for them, she must begin at the beginning and conserve her own health and vigor in girlhood. A young girl robbed of her reserves of vitality, whether by work in factory or shop or office, college life, social dissipation, or any overstrain whatsoever, is a pitiable creature, probably destined for a life of nervous invalidism and general inefficiency.

Having safeguarded her natural capital, let her exercise her traditional right of selection, to the end that she may give to her children a father whose own is unimpaired; one, above all, who is free from vice or any constitutional taint. In this weighty matter, her own parents should exert themselves actively for her protection.

Devotion to the Duties of Motherhood.

Next, she ought, as I believe, to make them her sole and absorbing vocation during the child-bearing years. It is no light sacrifice for an ambitious and capable woman, in these days of careers for women, to religiously refrain from devoting any large measure of vital force to other uses than those of wifehood and maternity. Yet, if she be a true woman, she must listen gladly to the cry of the unborn, and each and every one of her babies must be sacredly first with her for at least two years, before and after birth. That blessed period of maternal brooding—those days of creation, in large part passive and mute, yet profound in their implications—they are building the very substance of life! Their influence on physique and temperament is certain; their remoter possibilities divinely illimitable.

A visit to the specialist, if nothing else—and we all go to the specialist nowadays—will convince one of the overwhelming importance of what our foremothers used to call "a good constitution." The oculist, for example, is appealed to on the score of occasional headaches, and he, of course, finds just what he is looking for, and prescribes glasses. Yet he will admit, if pressed, that practically everybody has one eye, or both, a little off the normal, and that nature's effort to adjust the focus—the so-called eye strain—is by no means necessarily a source of trouble. Much depends upon the general health, and an extra vacation may be better than glasses!

To the best of my knowledge and belief, I haven't a single "health fad." We eat pretty much what we like, as much as we want, and as often as we please. When the children get hungry "between meals," as all children do, they get crackers or apples or bread and butter. It is fortunate in every way that we all enjoy simple food, since our table allowance won't admit of many wholesome luxuries.

Simple Remedies Usually Efficacious.

For a common feverish cold, or temporary loss of appetite, I prescribe a day's fast, with plenty of cold water. In fact, we use water freely at all times, both internally and externally, and find that medicines or tonics are rarely needed. I do, however, make a practice of taking the children to the family doctor about once a year, just as one does to the dentist, for a general looking over. I have had good advice from him at such times; that Alice, for instance, who was 7½, thin and nervous, was at the "fatigue age," and had better stay out of school for a year; or that Laura, at 14 (another critical period), was slightly anaemic and needed especially nourishing, food, raw eggs and olive oil, and to be constantly in the open air. Perhaps I should add that not one has yet discarded his tonsils, appendix, or any superfluous or atavistic organ; and I have heard that mentioned as the test of a really modern family!

To be sound, to be sane, to be normal—this is what I desire for them, as for myself, and to this end I have wanted them to lead natural, happy lives, without overmuch stimulation or self-consciousness. This "return to nature," of which we hear so much—it has its extravagances, no doubt, but I, for one, am in hearty sympathy with it—just so far as it's practicable! Long years of hand-to-hand struggle with a mass of unmanageable detail have taught me discretion. I am satisfied that we, as a family, live about as near to nature as one can, with a decent respect for the laws of civilized life and the opinions of the neighbors.

For example, we walk as much as possible, from habit and choice, and, having an abundance of body heat, prefer our rooms in winter at a temperature of about sixty-two. Our windows are open on the sunny side for at least a part of every day, and our bedroom windows stand open at night in all weathers. The only trouble with such a regime is that we "fresh-air cranks" with educated noses are made to suffer so abominably in traveling, and in church and school and lecture hall—even in the house of our friends! For my own part, I suffer under protest and by no means in silence; I fix my eyes reproachfully upon the closed windows or the wretched, inefficient little ventilators, whisper to a janitor, or to the conductor, or to my escort, and get one open by main force, meeting with as much gratitude as protest from my fellow sufferers.

One May Be Healthful Without Being Eccentric.

My personal choice is linen or cotton mesh next the skin, and I think we all have fewer "colds" than in past years when we clung to the wool fetich. And do pray see that the young folks are sensibly shod in foot-shape shoes, with either spring or low rubber heels, or in summer barefoot sandals for the younger ones.

But when the books recommend "air baths," which are not readily managed in a large and busy family, or clothing which would make us unpleasantly conspicuous, or a handful of nuts as a substitute for dinner, or even living in a tent in the back yard—well, they may be theoretically correct, but young people are sensitive, and I will not oblige mine to appear really eccentric. Fortunately, physical education is the fashion, and our modern girls owe much of that grace in figure and carriage which I won't pretend to deny them to athletics of all kinds, including swimming and fancy dancing.

My hygienic creed may be summed up in a few words. I believe in positive health. Many people seem to think that if one can avoid being definitely ill, that is all that is necessary. I want to be, and I want my children to be, thoroughly and aggressively well. I want them to radiate health; to be alive to the finger tips! That is my standard, and I never cease to strive for it.

The difference between deep and shallow breathing, between trained and untrained muscles, marks a difference in intelligence, in efficiency, in happiness. Both personal and sex hygiene must be taught, certainly in the home, probably in school as well, but without undue emphasis on any one point. It is my firm belief that a human being is approximately perfect health will unconsciously overcome or throw

off most of those physical and moral ills which so easily beset us, will thrive upon microbes and revel in hard work. Work is both a necessity and the keenest of pleasures to the vitally well man or woman.—Elaine Goodale Eastman, in The Continent.

DEALING IN FUTURITIES.

It is the parents, not the children, who have serious concern for futurities. In spite of the fact that every child from 3 years old upward is planning what he or she will be, and "life is all before them where to choose," they are not caring for the future in the sense in which the word is used here, since their futurities are not lasting—they flit away with every fleeting impulse. The boy who today aspires to become a motorman, by tomorrow has shifted his enthusiasm to the army, and decides to command a regiment of soldiers. The dreams of childhood very seldom become substantial realities. It is said that Charles Darwin was a musician in his boyhood, but that thoughtful brain of his carried him to far other fields of effort. So it is in many cases, nor do the changes involve violent wrenches, either. Nature seems to have provided for them.

Possibly this vacillation is due to the fact that the child's vision is limited; he thinks of the future without grasping it, without really knowing what it means. His life is essentially in the present. But if his aims and ambitions are thus unstable, there are certain other things connected with child life which are daily growing more solid and beyond the reach of change. It is in manipulating these things that parents' serious responsibility lies, for they are molding the child's future. The habits of a child's life are in a large degree in the hands of parents for the shaping, and now is the time for them to pause and take a long look ahead, especially the mother, since she has the more intimate control. How will this or that habit of body or mind influence your child in the years when it shall have settled into undisputed mastership? It may have but an insignificant and negligible influence now; what will be the cumulative action of years? Here it is that future considerations have little or no effect on the child himself. He is only controlled, so far as he controls himself, by present wishes or enjoyment, the future effect, of which he may have parental warning, having little meaning to his immature intelligence.

A simple incident illustrates this. A woman relates that as a little girl she had the habit of biting her nails. She remembers that her father—it was the father this time—talked with her very kindly and seriously about it, telling her how this indulgence would spoil the shape of her finger tips, how difficult it would be to keep the nails tidy, and urging all the usual objections to the practice. That the child listened earnestly is evidenced by the fact that she remembered her father's words so many years afterwards, but she was unable to realize the future of which he spoke. Not until she was old enough for her own pride to be enlisted did she make a stand against this habit. The same may be said of other bad habits which get a grip on a growing child. Therefore while dealing with such habits is more truly dealing in futurities, the parent's action is in the present tense. That is to say, whether promoting or discouraging a habit, motives of present interest are the most likely to lay hold on the child's mind and heart.

Mothers should be convinced that if they only begin early enough they have practically unlimited power of influence, so that good mental and bodily habits will be formed unconsciously. The child does not have to reason about them; he accepts them as he does breathing or sleeping. This is the surest approach to moral health. The good habit which is a second nature arouses no conflict in the will. Where a reason must be given, do not let it reach so far ahead that the child either fails to take it in, or shrewdly concludes there will be time enough to change hereafter, and thus to thwart the threatened effect.

Here comes in play that splendid art of putting things in which mothers of all people should excel. Much may be accomplished by unconscious persuasion; not unconscious on the mother's part—she has deeply planned it—but showing no effort to the child. Her forethought has caused her boy or girl to love work and hate idleness—her thought has given them those habits of observation which later on will take the tedium out of life. When they were wee things she taught them to look for beauties in all living objects—plants, flowers, trees, chickens, birds, everything that lives. They were too young to know she was making habits for them, but in many years of later life those habits will be makers of happiness, and safeguards in temptation. So in countless other directions; habits of courage, of meeting adversity, of overcoming fears, of pure thinking, of aversion to coarseness, of honesty, of unselfishness—the list grows too long, but every mother can make her own additions. Every mother can see the possibility of shaping these wonderful futurities.

But in this habit-forming process other methods than reasoning, suggestion, management and example sometimes become necessary. Occasions arise when the habits of a small life must know the command of authority, and yield to it. Moral suasion is good, but there are times when the firm word which exacts obedience is better. A true and somewhat amusing, though sad, illustration of this occurs to the writer. A mother, intent on moral suasion, was accustomed to reason every point with her little daughter. The child was old enough to dress herself. Every detail of her dressing had to be talked over, morning after morning. She had to be reasoned into tying her shoes. The result on her character was this, that she was always dilatory—to be behindhand was her habit. A friend said of her, "Sarah has written that she will arrive at such a time, but I shall certainly have to go to three trains before she finally gets here." Less reasoning and more command would have made a different woman of her.

Who is sufficient for this far-reaching foresight, that in dealing with the present builds also for the future? Only the mother who adds to the deep sentiment of her mother love a sturdy common sense, with perseverance and the wisdom which she obtains by waiting "in the secret of His presence."—Helen A. Hawley.

Our Young People

THE LAND OF CONTENT

Dave had been very restless all the morning. First he wanted this and then he wanted that—things that it was impossible for him to have.

"Why, Dave, if the moon were shining, you'd be crying for the moon, I do believe," said his mother. "Get that pretty picture-book, and see if you can match a picture or two with a story!"

Dave fetched his book; but the pictures, of which he was

generally fond, didn't interest him one little bit.

"If it were Pat's book, Mummie, I'd like it it sure!" he told her.

"You mean the one with the Irish tales?" she inquired. "It's too far for you to go and borrow it now, but there's a tale in it I can tell you!"

So Dave came to his mother's elbow, as she was busy shelling peas.

"When the tale's done, Dave, you can help me shell!" This is the story:

Connla of the fiery hair always wanted to be off, doing something wonderful. He was tired of the height of Usna, where he lived with his father, the king.

One day he was standing on the hill, when he heard strange talking as if from a young girl. He saw no one, but the voice said: "I come from a happy place where it is a long holiday, and we need no one to help us with our joy."

The king and all wondered at hearing the voice. Connla alone saw the maiden after she began to speak.

"Who are you talking to, Conn?" asked the king. The voice answered, "Connla is talking to a fair maid from Moy Mell. There has been no sorrow there, where Boadag is king, and he will be king forever. Come and judge for yourself of our happiness in Moy Mell, the happy land."

The king was frightened, and called for his chief druid—his "medicine man."

The druid came and chanted his spells, and the maiden and the voice disappeared. As she vanished, she threw an apple to Connla. As long as he kept this apple in his pocket he was happy, all because it came from the Land of Happiness. But he lost it, and he went back to his old worryings.

After a while the maiden's voice was again heard, saying, "Come, Connla, to King Boadag's land, where there are apples in abundance." But the king summoned once more his old medicine man, whose name translated means "Selfishness."

The maiden said to the king, "The day will come when your druid's magic spells will be no more heard: they'll have no power, for they are false!"

This time Connla saw a gleaming canoe on the beach below the hill. So he ran down and stepped on board, and the canoe carried him to the Land of Content, which is its right name, although people sometimes call it Happiness. There he was satisfied with his daily occupations or recreations. Everything was right to him, for the work seemed to do him more good than whatever else he got by it. He was always content, and therefore always happy.

Dave had been helping his mother with pea-shelling while the story was going on. When it was done, he said, "Can't I get some more sticks, mother, and put them in for the next row of peas to climb up?"

"Yes, son, that you can!"

She told him where he could find them. Dave kept so busy that he was quite surprised when he heard the dinner bell ring away down the garden. He came in as happy as a morning lark. After dinner he enjoyed his picture-book and managed to read the tales in it.

When Jimmie came round, their play was jollier than ever. His mother had kissed him her thanks for the pea-sticks, and later she said:

"See what a happy day, Dave! You learned to find your way to the Land of Content by taking hold of that work first."

"Yes, mother; and Jimmie is coming to help me with the potatoes. Won't father be glad when he comes home!"

—Louisa A. Nash in The Christian Register.

A PACKAGE OF MIXED SEED

"Have you any seeds of kindness for sale?" a little boy asked at a seed store.

"Seeds of kindness, what are those?" said the seedsman.

"Why, in our Bible school we sing:

" 'Then scatter seeds of kindness,
For our reaping by and by.'

"I have a little garden and I want to plant some kindness seeds."

"Oh, those come in a mixed package," said the seedsman, as he took a big book from a shelf.

"That looks like a Bible," the little boy thought, and sure enough it was.

"Let me see; I think I will find that package of seeds in 2 Peter, chapter one," said the man. "Yes, there it is; see if you can read it for me, beginning with the fifth verse."

So the boy read: "And besides this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to brotherly kindness charity."

"Eight kinds of seeds in this package, you see," said the man.

"But aren't there any real seeds?" said the boy. Does it just mean that you are to be kind to folks?"

"Yes, that is what it means," said the man, "but kindness and charity and faith are real things, and if you plant them in your heart they live and grow, just as seeds grow in the garden."

"What is the reaping by and by?" said the boy.

"It means that if you are kind, people will be kind to you," said the seedsman, "and, better than all, it means that God, who is kind to the unthankful and evil, will be pleased with you."

"I shall find that package of mixed seeds in my Bible when I get home." said the boy, "and it may help me to remember to be kind all the time."—The Classmate.

RESPONSIBILITY.

Accept the task
  And make that task your own—
By and through it
  Your talents shall be shown,

Power grows on power,
  So step by step improve;
Avoid the easy way—
  The common groove.

On trained discernment
  Fix your firmest thoughts;
Thus duty comes as pleasure
  And not with trouble fraught.

—A. H. McQuilkin.

The work that should today be wrought
  Defer not till tomorrow;
The help that should within be sought
  Scorn from without to borrow.
Old maxims these—yet stout and true—
  They speak in trumpet tone,
To do at once what is to do,
  And trust ourselves alone. —John O'Hagan.

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